

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1907.

NO. 49.

CUTOFF TRAIN SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SUNDAY

Twelve Trains Will Leave South City, Going South, and Eight Trains Going North.

Tomorrow morning the train schedule over the new bay shore cutoff railroad will go into effect.

This new short line road has taken many years to build, and has cost the Southern Pacific Company many millions of dollars.

Five double-track tunnels have been bored through as many mountains between San Francisco and South City, a distance of a little over nine miles. Many fills have been made across low marshy places, and extensive bridge construction has been necessary.

The opening of this road means much to San Francisco and the whole peninsula, as the greater part of passenger and freight traffic, in future, will go over this route.

South City occupies the important position of being the first stopping place after leaving the Third and Townsend street depot at San Francisco.

This new road will give hundreds and thousands of business men and mechanics of San Francisco, who now live in the city, an opportunity to make

their homes in South City, and at the same time follow their avocations in the city the same as usual.

The new time schedule contemplates making the trip from South City to San Francisco in seventeen minutes.

The trains between South City and San Francisco are scheduled to run over the new road as follows:

Leave for San Francisco daily—6:23 a. m.; 7:23 a. m., (except Sunday); 7:43 a. m.; 1:03 p. m.; 3:03 p. m.; 5:23 p. m.; 6:23 p. m.; 7:03 p. m.

Arrive from San Francisco daily—6:37 a. m.; 7:17 a. m.; 8:40 a. m.; 10:57 a. m.; 11:57 a. m.; 2:20 p. m.; 3:37 p. m.; 4:37 p. m.; 5:57 p. m.; 6:17 p. m.; 6:37 p. m.; 8:37 p. m.

Trains over the old line by way of Ocean View will not run into South City direct, but will stop at Baden Crossing, which will be a flag station, and convenient to those who reside in the west end of South City.

The schedule between Baden Crossing and San Francisco is as follows:

Leave for San Francisco daily—7:11

a. m.; 7:30 a. m.; 1:10 p. m.; 3:46 p. m.; 6:31 p. m.

Arrive from San Francisco daily—7:05 a. m.; 11:45 a. m.; 3:18 p. m.; 6:05 p. m.

The schedule shows that some through trains going south will not stop at South City. A person living here desiring to go Los Angeles will have to go to San Francisco and leave there at 8 a. m. on "The Coaster," at 4 p. m. on "The Sunset Express," or at 8 p. m. on the "Los Angeles Passenger." Those desiring to go to Del Monte, Monterey County, will have to go to San Francisco and leave there at 3 p. m. on "The Del Monte Express."

THE ENTERPRISE believe it voices the sentiment of the business community of South City when it says that the Southern Pacific Company should schedule an additional train to leave South City for San Francisco at 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, so that a business man could leave here at a suitable hour and get home again before lunch.

Another change THE ENTERPRISE would suggest is that the last (or theatre) train at night over the Ocean View line should touch South City before continuing south.

Outside of these two suggested changes the company has considered the wants of South City in a very favorable manner.

The South City Improvement Club should take this matter up, and it is believed that it will not require much effort to have the Southern Pacific

SOUTH CITY CUTOFF CELEBRATION HAS BEEN CALLED OFF.

The Local Committee Holds Meeting at Which, After Some Discussion, the Above Action Was Taken.

A meeting of the South City Cutoff Celebration Committee was held at the offices of Judge A. McSweeney last Tuesday evening, at which nearly the full membership was present.

The amusement committee reported that the show people who had intended giving many kinds of amusement on the day of celebration had notified the committee that owing to the lateness of the season and the prospect of wet weather that they would not bring their shows here at their own risk.

This feature of the contemplated celebration was thoroughly discussed

by the members of the general committee, and on motion the celebration was called off.

The finance committee will return all contributions that have been paid in.

The committee had made very elaborate preparations for a celebration, which was to have been held on October 15th last, but owing to the delay in receiving structural steel to complete bridges on the cutoff road, the celebration could not be held at that time.

There is some talk of taking the matter up again later and make preparations for a big celebration next Spring.

BOXING AT COLMA.

Next Tuesday evening Frayne and Murphy will have a thirty-round boxing contest at the Colma Pavilion. Admission will be as follows—Box seats, \$3; reserved seats, \$2; gallery, \$1. Seats will be on sale at the Willis Cigar store, on Ellis, street near Fillmore, San Francisco, commencing December 9th.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned wishes to extend her sincere thanks for the kind thoughtfulness of the many friends of her late husband during his sickness and death.

MRS. W. H. GORDON.

Dec. 7 11

Optician Will Be Here.

A. E. Graham, Optician, will be at the Pharmacy Sunday, December 8th. He will be glad to tend to any defective eyes, give advice free and take care of repair work. Get your eyes tested free and see how you see compared with others.

Dec. 7-11

PECK'S ADDITION

Local headquarters in Post Office building. The first section of lots now on the market. For price list and terms apply to the undersigned. Team to the door and no trouble to show the property.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & CO.

FOR SALE—Two nice up-to-date cottages, almost new, in center part of town. E. E. CUNNINGHAM & CO. apr201f

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At South San Francisco

South San Francisco, Cal. DEC. 5, 1907 No. 9963

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COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
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Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnson
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Elkerenkotter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney
Constable..... Bob. Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

Grace Episcopal Church.

Sunday School..... 10 a. m.
Service of Holy Communion every third Sunday of each month at 11:15 a. m.

Grace Guild meets every alternate Friday for an all-day session at Guild Hall.

Junior Guild and sewing school meets every Saturday in Guild Hall at 2:00 p. m.

Mrs. W. J. Martin, President of Guild.

Mrs. Jennie P. Frost, Superintendent of Junior Guild.

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermons at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:00 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer service Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

Subscribers, Attention!

As special inducement to increase the subscription list of THE ENTERPRISE the management has decided to offer at an additional cost of \$1.00 the Sun-set magazine for one year, together with the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" and the Town and Country Journal. Any one wishing these papers with THE ENTERPRISE can obtain them by paying \$3.00 in advance.

Ladies' \$5.00 and \$6.00 Dress Skirts reduced to \$3.00 at Schneider's.

Nov. 23-ft

For Sale

A lodging house of 21 rooms, all newly furnished. (A five year's lease) for sale. Sickness cause of sale. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham & Co.

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Sunset Shaving Parlor

MANUEL MONIZ, Prop.

316 Grand Avenue - South San Francisco

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

I. Paul Beecot, son of wealthy parents, leaves his home in the country owing to the tyranny of his father and goes to London to make his way as a writer of stories. He meets Grexon Hay, an old school friend. Paul has a peculiar opal brooch fashioned in the shape of a serpent. Hay appears to be anxious to buy it.

II. Paul falls in love with Sylvia Norman, the daughter of Aaron Norman, a London bookseller and pawnbroker. Paul offers to pawn the opal brooch with Norman, but the latter falls in a faint when he sees the jewel.

III and IV. Mrs. Beecot, who gave the opal serpent to her son Paul, writes him that her husband had obtained the brooch at a pawnshop in Stowley, and that subsequently the pawnbroker had tried to get it back, saying that the pledge had called for it. Paul is injured by being run over by an automobile, having stumbled in front of it as the result of Hay's falling against him.

V, VI and VII. Paul has lost the serpent in the automobile accident. An East Indian named Hukur visits Norman's store and leaves on the counter a small pile of brown sugar. Aaron Norman is murdered in the store that night, and his lips are found pinned together with the opal brooch.

VIII and IX. It develops that the opal serpent brooch had been pawned in Stowley twenty years before by a sailor. Aaron Norman's will devises everything to "my daughter." The will is signed "Lemuel Krill," which, it turns out, was Norman's right name.

X. A woman, with her daughter, Maud, appears. She announces that they are the wife and daughter respectively of Lemuel Krill and claim the fortune, thus casting a shadow upon Sylvia Norman's legitimacy.

XI, XII and XIII.—Paul Beecot and Detective Hurd of Scotland Yard set to work to find the murderer of Aaron Norman, alias Krill. Hurd suspects Hay, who is a shady character. Hay invites Paul to dinner at his rooms, and there Paul learns that Hay is to marry Maud Krill.

XIV and XV.—Mrs. Krill offers Paul an annuity if he will marry Sylvia and leave England forever. It is learned that Mrs. Krill had for many years been the proprietress of an inn called the Red Pig, at which twenty years before Lady Rachel Sandal, who was wearing the opal serpent brooch at the time, was murdered by strangulation. Maud had made so much noise on that occasion that Lemuel Krill (Aaron Norman) had silenced her by pinning her lips together with the opal brooch. Lemuel had then fled.

XVI. Sylvia explains to Paul her reasons for suspecting that the Indian Hukur had killed her father.

XVII.—Hurd learns that the sailor who pawned the opal serpent twenty years before was named Jessop.

XVIII.—Hurd goes to the Red Pig.

(Continued)

Indian and keep him here always to make the curries I have heard of."

"Me marry a black!" cried Matilda, tossing her rough head. "Well, sir, I never," her breath failed her, "an' him goin' about the country."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What I say," said Miss Junk. "He'll stop here, Christianlike, for days and then go off to sell things as a 'awker. My par was a 'awker, sir, but a white, white man of the finest."

Hurd was about to ask another question, when a husky voice was heard singing somewhat out of tune. "What's that?" asked Hurd irritably.

"Lor', sir, wot nervses you 'ave! 'Tis only Cap'n Jessop makin' hisself 'appy-like."

"Captain Jessop!" Hurd laughed. He had run down his man at last.

CHAPTER XIX.

APARENTLY Matilda Junk was quite ignorant of anything being wrong about her ladies, although she did shrink the question regarding their possible visit to London in July. However, Hurd had learned that Grexon Hay not only was an old friend, but had been engaged to Maud for many months. This information made him the more certain that Hay had robbed Beecot of the opal brooch at the time of the accident and that it had passed from Mr. Hay's hands into those of the assassin.

"I wonder if Mrs. Krill murdered her husband in that cruel way," thought the detective, sitting over his tea. "But what could have been her object? She could have gone up on learning from Hay that Aaron Norman was her husband, as I believe she did, and could then have made him give her the money by threatening him with the murder of Lady Rachel. I daresay Aaron Norman in his Krill days did strangle that lady to get the opal brooch, and his wife could have used what she knew to govern him. There was no need of murder. Hum! I'll see about getting the truth out of Hay. Aurora," he cried. "Oh, there you are," he added as she entered the room. "I want you to go back to town this night."

"What for, Billy?"

"Can you get Hay into trouble?"

Aurora nodded. "I have proofs of his cheating Lord George and others, if that's what you mean," she said, "but you didn't want them used."

"Nor do I. He's such an eel he may wriggle out of our clutches. But can't you give a party and invite Lord George and Hay and then get them to

play cards. Should Hay cheat, denounce him to George Sandal."

"What good would that do?" asked Miss Qian, with widely open eyes.

"It will make Hay confess about the brooch to save himself from public shame. His reputation is his life, remember, and if he is caught red handed cheating he'll have to clear out of town."

"Pooh, as if that mattered! He's going to marry Miss Krill."

"If Miss Krill keeps the money, and I doubt if she will."

"But, Billy—"

"Never mind. Don't ask me any more questions, but go and pack. This Captain Jessop is in the bar drinking. I may probably have to arrest him. I got a warrant on the chance of finding him here. I can arrest him on suspicion and won't let him go until I get at the truth. Your business is to bring Hay to his knees and get the truth out of him about the opal serpent. You know the case?"

"Yes," grumbled Aurora, "I know the case. But I don't like this long journey tonight."

"Every moment is precious. If I arrest Jessop, Matilda Junk will tell her ladies, who will speak to Hay, and then he may slip away. As the brooch evidence is so particular, and, as I believe he can give it if coerced, you can see the importance of losing no time."

Miss Qian nodded and went away to pack. She wanted money and knew Billy would give her a goodly share of the reward. In a few minutes Miss Junk of the Red Pig learned that Miss Qian was suddenly summoned to town and would leave in an hour. Quite unsuspectingly she assisted her to pack, and shortly Aurora was driving in a hired vehicle to the railway station on her way to trap Grexon Hay.

When she was safely off the premises, Hurd walked to the telegraph office and sent a cipher message to the Yard, asking for a couple of plain clothes policemen to be sent down. He wanted to have Hukur and Miss Matilda Junk watched, also the house, in case Mrs. Krill and her daughter should return. Captain Jessop he proposed to look after himself. But he was in no hurry to make that gentleman's acquaintance, as he intended to arrest him quietly in the sitting room after dinner. Already he had informed Matilda that he would ask a gentleman to join him at the meal and taste Hukur's curry.

The thought of the curry brought the Indian to his mind, and when he got back to the Red Pig he strolled round the house, inspecting the place, but in reality keeping eyes and ears open to talk to the Hindoo. Thinking he might meet the man some time, Hurd had carefully learned a few phrases relating to thuggism—in English, of course, since he knew nothing of the Indian tongues. These he proposed to use in the course of conversation with Hukur and watch the effect. Soon he found the man sitting cross legged under a tree in the yard, smoking. Evidently his work for the day was over, and he was enjoying himself. Remembering the description given by Bart, the detective saw that this was the very man who had entered the shop of Aaron Norman. He wore the same dress and looked dirty and disreputable—quite a waif and a stray.

"Hello!" said Hurd casually. "What are you doing? Talk English, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Hukur calmly. "I spike good English. Missionary teach Hukur English."

"I'm glad of that; we can have a chat," said Hurd, producing his pipe. He also produced something else with which he had provided himself on the way back from the postoffice. In another minute Hukur was staring at a small parcel of coarse brown sugar. With all his oriental phlegm the man could not keep his countenance. His eyes rolled until they threatened to drop out of his head, and he looked at Hurd with a certain amount of fear. "Goor," said that gentleman, pointing to the sugar with the stem of his pipe, "goor!"

Hukur turned green under his dark skin and half rose to go away, but his legs failed him, and he sat still trying to recover himself. "So you worship Bhownance?" went on his tormentor.

The Indian's face expressed lively curiosity. "The great goddess."

"Yes. Kalee, you know. Did you

Continued on Page 7

W. C. SCHNEIDER . . . 227 Grand Avenue

Special! Special!



We have just received a large assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing direct from the East. The lines consist of

Men's Double-breasted Black Unfinished Worsteds \$15.00

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Men's Single-breasted Black and Blue Cheviots \$9.00

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We also carry a complete line of Men's Fancy Suits, ranging in price from \$7.50 to \$18.

Don't fail to see our lines of Boys' and Youths' Suits.

We will also allow 5 per cent in trade for all clearing house certificates.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

W. C. SCHNEIDER

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South San Francisco Mill and Lumber Co.

FRANK KNOWLES, Manager.

All Kinds of Millwork

Pine and Redwood Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Lime and Cement

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Yards at South San Francisco and Visitacion, Cal.

Subscribe for
The Enterprise

To Manufacturers

The earthquake did but little damage to South San Francisco. The industries located here, the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Butler Brick Company, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, and other enterprises, are all in full operation to-day. Not one of them having suffered any serious impairment by reason of the earthquake.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company planned South San Francisco as a manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. With that object in view they originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo county on the bay front five miles south of the City of San Francisco, and have developed their property so that to-day they possess perfected nearly every feature desired by manufacturers.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries, a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to town and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent water works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a bank; a town hall; and a population of 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

Can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The American Smelting and Refining Company recently purchased from this Company 200 acres of land and are on the ground to-day arranging for the immediate construction of a plant costing upward of \$5,000,000. This means a vast increase in population, and a great augmentation for the benefit of all industries of every detail pertaining to rail and water communication.

For Manufacturing Purposes South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay.

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

**W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent, South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.
South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.**

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County, - - - - - California

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the

Enterprise Publishing Co

Everett I. Woodman, Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance\$2 00
Six Months " 1 00
Three Months " 50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY... DECEMBER 7, 1907



RESIDENTS of South City are requested to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South City can be of material help.

Tomorrow morning the first regular train will run over the Bay Shore Cutoff on a Southern Pacific train schedule, "Peninsula Service," beginning December 8th. The opening of the Bay Shore Cutoff to traffic is an eventful date in California history, and the beginning of a new epoch on this Peninsula.

Furthermore, it places this town, for the first time, in its rightful place, upon the map of this State. For the first time this town will be the first stopping place after leaving San Francisco. The record now reads "San Francisco, South San Francisco, San Bruno, etc.," and the time "from San Francisco to South San Francisco 17 minutes." The new time table provides for twenty trains daily, stopping at this town. Sunday morning, December 8, 1907, the town of South San Francisco will start upon a new career of growth and development which will put this industrial center in the foremost place among the flourishing cities of this great State.

THE people of this town will meet at Judge McSweeney's court room next Monday evening to organize an Improvement Club. The growth of the town has been rapid the past year and development has reached the point at which a local government seems not only desirable, but a necessity to the future progress of this place.

The incorporation of the town is favored by the large majority and it only remains to determine matters of detail, such as territorial limits, etc. The matter of procedure and all other details can be discussed, digested and best determined through the medium of a central organization such as the proposed Improvements Club.

Greater San Francisco will also undoubtedly receive the attention of such an organization, although the indications are that at present

the people of this place, as well as of the peninsula generally, look with little favor upon this project.

It has been brought to the attention of THE ENTERPRISE that few of South City's merchants have declined to further contribute to the night watchman fund. This spirit should not prevail, as it is absolutely necessary that a night watchman should continue to be employed, especially during the coming long winter nights. South City is for progress and THE ENTERPRISE hopes these few merchants spoken of will change their ideas.

Paul Pinckney, editor of the San Mateo Times, also of anti-smelter fame, is a strong supporter of the Greater San Francisco project. Now, Paul, you are evidently not from Missouri, else you would think before you speak.

THANKSGIVING EXERCISES IN LOCAL SCHOOLS

Wednesday afternoon, November 27, all the schools of South City, under the principalship of Professor Geo. E. Britton, joined in giving exercises appropriate to Thanksgiving Day.

The exercises commenced with an address by Mr. Britton on "Origin of Thanksgiving." Following is the programme:

Address, "Origin of Thanksgiving," G. E. Britton; 1. Song, Hail the Glad Thanksgiving, school; 2. Greeting, Lenore Parr; 3. The Pilgrim's Father, Josephine Baggenstos; 4. Grandma's Pumpkin Pies, Frank Howard; 5. The Little Puritan's Thanksgiving, Thelma Raspadori, Agnes Karbe, Barbara Birdsall, Elizabeth Hyland, Annie Daneak, Juanita Dean and Lillian Mosser; 6. A Boy's Opinion, Alex Welte; 7. Song, "What Makes Thanksgiving Day," school; 8. Little Paul's Thanksgiving, Velma Pike; 9. Thanksgiving at Grandma's, Joe Raspadori, Paul Washington and Frank Lawlor; 10. Getting Ready for Thanksgiving, Beatrice McKinley; 11. November, Arthur Woodman; 12. Thanksgiving Day, Viola Golding; 13. Little Fruits, Emma Johnson, Mildred Foley, Mary Wyss, Consuello Raspadori, Rita Fleming and Dozalina Ocellis; 14. Thanksgiving Lesson, Johnnie Fischer; 15. Thanksgiving Joys, Matilda Bissett; 15. Bertie's Thanksgiving, Joe Sartori, Albert Madden, Joseph Mattie and Leroy Mason; 17. The Landing of the Pilgrims, Leon DeLange; 18. The Dance of the Leaves, Florence Brawn; 19. After Harvest, Mary Daneak, Dora Schmidt and Anna Wyss; 20. The Little Pilgrim Maid, Veronica Dervin; 21. Thanksgiving Day, Agnes Karbe; 22. Thanksgiving in the Different Countries, Arthur Johnson, Claudius Moore, Claude Parr, Dannie Lawlor, Joe Kent, Willard Sullivan and John McDonald; 23. Thanksgiving Letter, Fern Mahoney; 24. Twilight of Thanksgiving, Maude Wallace; 25. Two Pilgrim Fathers, Henry Hyland and Bernard Gaffney; 26. November, Mary Tobash; 27. A Thanksgiving Friend, Juanita Dean; 28. Dialogue, "Thanksgiving Long Ago," Mary Carmody, Mary Costa, Minnie Foley and Emile Fourcans; 29. Song, "Father, We Thank Thee," school; 30. Thanksgiving in 1907, Anna Abeling; 31. The Feast of the Year, Amerigo Fambrim; 32. What I Would Do, Thelma Raspadori and Manuel Bernardo; 33. How to Keep Thanksgiving, Sylvia Piva; 34. The Reason Why, William Chalmers; 35. The Pumpkin Pies, Sophie Abeling, Florence Robinson, Nancy Bissett and Anna Abeling; 36. Daisy's Thanksgiving, Rosie Moniz; 37. Margie's Thanksgiving, Lucy Fleming; 38. Letter's Thanksgiving, Mary Kauffmann, Georgie Pratt, Della Belloni, Charlie Lena, Lizzie Moniz, William Quinn, Marguerite Schmidt, Josie Quilla, Bradley Plymire, Marie Smith and Myrtle Kiessling; 39. From the Turkey's Point of View, Willie Farrell; 40. A Thanksgiving Lesson, Helen Carmody; 41. The First Thanksgiving, Mildred Aherns and Loretta Menzie; 42. Thanksgiving Lesson, Marie Miratti; 3. Speckle's Thanksgiving, Minnie Foley; 44. Song, "Harvest Home," school.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Don't fail to see Vice-Versa.

L. F. Morrissey, of San Pedro, was a visitor to South City last Sunday.

Mrs. Mae Bowen of Oakland was in town visiting her father, Dr. Lancaster. Charles Lancaster spent Thanksgiving with his father Dr. Lancaster.

FOR SALE.—Choice South City business lot; a snap. See us at once. McSweeney & Walsh, 224 Grand Ave. Nov. 23-1f

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Edwards spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. Edwards' parents in Vacaville.

The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal Church have started a good Templars Society in South City.

Miss Mary Mattli will celebrate her sixteenth birthday next Thursday at her mother's home.

Earnest Palany and Miss Lauchere will be married at the Catholic Church in South City this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Miss Lizzie McDonald has taken Miss Lena Eikerenkotter's place in the telephone office.

Miss Etta Naumann returned last Sunday from San Jose having spent Thanksgiving there with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Crowley and daughter, of San Juan, are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Murch.

Mrs. Emeline Shaw, of Hollister, was here last week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Carrie McIntyre.

McSweeney & Walsh, Real Estate and Insurance, Agents for South City and San Bruno lots. Easy Payments. Nov. 23-1f

Mrs. C. F. Hamsher has returned to South City, after a visit to the southern part of the State.

Parker Black of Alameda, and one of the old time residents of this town paid a visit to old friends here Tuesday.

Fifteen years ago, December 5, 1892, Thos. Hickey killed and dressed the first beef at the Western Meat packing house, in South City.

The White Eagle Circle, U. A. O. D. No. 56, has changed its meeting night from 1st and 3d Monday to every Monday night at Metropolitan Hall.

Postmaster E. E. Cunningham has been reappointed to that position for a term of four years. The office having been raised to third class, is a Presidential one.

Ike Glasser, formerly with Langenbach, has returned from an extended visit to the old country, and is now residing on the Mission road.

Sermon topics at St. Paul's Church, Sunday, December 8th., 11 a. m., "Ideals in Everyday Life", 7.30 p. m., "What Measure of Ethics Does Man Possess?" All other services as usual. Everyone invited.

I. L. (John) Matkovich, the popular restaurant man of South City, who was badly hurt several days ago in a street car collision, has been brought home. He is unable to leave his room yet and it will be some time before he will be able to attend to his business.

From 1856 to 1904, 182 subdivision maps were filed with the County Clerk of San Mateo County. Since 1904, up to the present time, 198 have been filed. A pretty good showing of the growth of this county.

T. F. Flood, a former resident of South City, but now of San Francisco, visited this place with his wife last Sunday. Mr. Flood was kept busy shaking hands with his former associates.

Deputy Sheriff Daneri arrested Conrad Rector on Tuesday and took him to the County Jail at Redwood City. Rector had been acting in a strange manner on the Mission road in this vicinity, frightening women and children. He is to be examined as to his sanity.

W. J. Martin, President of the South San Francisco Power and Light Company, obtained from the San Mateo County Supervisors, on Monday, a franchise to build poles and stretch power and light wires along the public highways of the First Township in this county.

The body of a dead infant child, apparently twenty-four hours old, was found by some boys last Tuesday in a pond a short distance west of South City. Investigation has been going on

during the past week to see if its parentage can be established. The body was taken to San Mateo for burial.

At their Lodge Hall Friday evening December 6th, Francis Drake Lodge, 376, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Worshipful Master, J. O. Snyder; Senior Warden, J. J. McDonald; Junior Warden, H. E. Styles; Secretary, F. A. Cunningham; Treasurer, Geo. W. Holston.

The new time card is raising all kinds of discussion these days. The Fuller train being eliminated will make it hard on those living at Ocean View, Colma and Mission districts. Lots of room in South City. Come and live near the factories, boys.

On last Tuesday evening the Methodist parsonage was taken possession of by the good people of that church, it being the birthday anniversary of the pastor, Rev. E. D. Kizer. About fifty people responded to greet him and the dining room, with its two long tables, fairly groaned with its load of good things to eat, and the young and old voted it one of the pleasantest times they ever had. With songs and games the evening passed all too quickly.

Last Sunday a new camp of the U. P. E. C. was organized in South City, in Metropolitan Hall. The instituting officials were Supreme Grand President A. A. Sarmiento and Grand Secretary L. J. Martin of San Leandro, J. L. Azavedo and Manuel Simas of Mountain View. The officers installed for the new camp are: President, A. S. Quilla; Vice President, M. Raposa; Secretary, M. Empina; Treasurer, J. L. Debenedetti. After the installation ceremony speeches were made and a light lunch partaken of.

At the residence of Mrs. Wm. McEwen, Thursday afternoon, a very pretty farewell reception was tendered to Mrs. Werner, a sister of Mrs. McEwen, rumor having heard she was about to leave soon for a home of her own. She was pleasantly surprised by the ladies of the Methodist Church, of which she has been an active and beloved member, in a body. The rooms were prettily decorated, table loaded with the good things to delight the inner man. Pink and white carnations with maiden hair ferns, were the table decorations. The feature of the occasion was the presentation to the bride-to-be, of a sterling silver bon bon dish and a set of salt and pepper shakers. To say Mrs. Werner was surprised is putting it mildly and will long be remembered as one of the pleasant reminiscences of the past.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

F. O. E.

South City Aerie No. 1473, will elect its officers for the ensuing year Wednesday evening next, the officers request a large attendance of members. Matters of importance for the good of the order will be considered.

I. O. R. M.

To Al Kauffmann belongs the honor to be presented with the first Past Sachems Badge given by Tippecanoe Tribe, No 111, of South City.

The badge is a splendid work of art, and engraved upon it are the signs and signals with which only Redmen are acquainted. It is the intension of the Tribe to invest all past Sachems who are now in good standing with the Tribe, with duplicate badges to the number of eleven in all.

The election of officers for the ensuing term takes place Thursday evening next.

W. O. W.

Members of Vella Flora Circle No. 368, gave a shadow social Wednesday evening last for the benefit of a sick member, practical sympathy was aroused to the extent of \$35 in cash, showing that when a member is in actual need, the giving grace continues to be cultivated; all honor to the Ladies of Woodcraft.

U. A. O. D.

White Eagle Circle No. 56, will hereafter meet every Monday night at the hour of eight o'clock. Four candidates became acquainted with the ancient mysteries of the order at its last session. Sister Woolsey, Grand Trustee, acting as Arch Druidess. After the session the usual social time was had.

\$50 REWARD,

Sheriff Chatham, of this county, offers a reward for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who waylaid and murdered James C. Jones, better known as Deacon Jones, on November 10th last, at Visitacion Valley.

FOR SALE CHEAP—New three room cottage.

E. E. Cunningham & Co. 1f

Have you noticed there are all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables every day at Lind's Market. Nov. 2-1f

A Legacy.

"What's your fare?" asked old Flintskin of his cabby the other day, and was met with the stereotyped reply.

"Well, sir, I will leave that to you." "Thank you, you are very kind," said old Flintskin, buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Mail.

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPPECANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.

L. C. Swarthout, Sachem. Geo. E. Keissling, Keeper of Records.

SOUTH CITY AERIE No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Wednesday evening in Metropolitan Hall at 8 p. m. Thomas Mason, Worthy President. T. C. McGovern, Secretary. Visiting brothers welcome.

WHITE EAGLE CIRCLE No. 56, U. A. O. D., meets every Monday night in Metropolitan Hall.

Mrs. Nellie Wight, Arch Druidess. Miss Mary McDonald, Sec.

SAN MATEO LODGE, No. 7, JOURNEYMEN BUTCHERS, P. and B. A., meets every first and third Mondays in Metropolitan Hall, at 8 p. m.

M. J. HAWES, President. J. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

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There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is on account of their style, accuracy and simplicity. McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies' Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 50 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Subscribe today. Lady Agents Wanted. Handsome premiums or liberal cash commission. Pattern Catalogue (of 600 designs) and Premium Catalogue (showing 600 premiums) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York

THE POTRERO COMMERCIAL AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

SANITARY REDUCTION WORKS

San Francisco, Dec. 4th—In a conversation a few days since with Supervisor Henry Payot he expressed himself as very much pleased with what has been done in getting the Sanitary Reduction Works to put in their water plant and the repairing of the chimney. He said the new plant had certainly minimized the trouble from the unsanitary product that escaped with the smoke and fumes of the reduction works.

He however is engaged in a plan that promises not only a great relief to every homeowner in the city but also opens the way for our final relief from the incubus of the sanitary works themselves which had so long worried our people in the new wholesale district.

Every one knows the trouble that the Italian garbage scavengers of the city put our people to. The trust they have made charges all kinds of prices, as much as \$5 per month, to remove the garbage from houses and are independent as a wood chopper in regard to the services they render. The plan to have the city have its own employees and attend to all the removal of garbage without cost to the citizens will certainly be hailed with delight and we trust it will be initiated in the near future; it cannot come too soon.

STABLE ORDINANCE

It appears from the drastic measures instituted by the Board of Health that radical reforms are urged upon all people who keep stables. The matter is being taken up all over the city and while one set of rules however might well do for Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues and the other fine thoroughfares of our city where residences and grand business buildings are constructed it would seem as though quite a modification of this plan should be permitted in the Potrero and outlying districts so long as they are kept in a sanitary condition. To put cement constructed pavement and buildings suitable for even hotels upon some of these districts would seem incongruous and impracticable and we have no doubt that the good common sense of our Board of Health will take these things into consideration in whatever regulation they may finally be compelled to enforce. Any other course would be liable to send many of our people in that business out of it completely, much to the distress of those who have occasion to require the services of the livery stable. For their sakes as well as the general public who are dependent upon them we trust the latter course will prevail.

WORK OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

We have had occasion through these reports published in THE ENTERPRISE to mention Mr. Michael Casey, President of the Board of Public Works and the good work he is doing. We have further to remark that efforts are now being made to clean out the Channel Street sewer, the overflow of which last year at the intersection of Eighth and Division Streets caused the death of two men. This, in a city like San Francisco, seems almost incredible and impossible to have taken place. We

believe through the efficiency of the present Board of Works that it will not occur again and until the Mission sewer, so long promised to our expectant and waiting people, shall have been an accomplished fact the only way to relieve this congested state of affairs is by the cleaning out of the sewer at Channel Street as frequently as at least twice a year during the rainy season.

The work on Kentucky, Third and Fourth streets is in fair way to be relieved through the means of a private sewer with which Mr. Casey will be able to make arrangements to have the overflow of water carried off.

A STEEL MAGNATE'S IMPRESSION OF SAN FRANCISCO AND CALIFORNIA.

Colonel J. B. Stone, an eminent engineer, a world traveler and captain of industry, delivered himself of some very pointed remarks the other day in an interview with one of our staff, that carries a message of profound faith in the glorious destiny of San Francisco.

The Colonel is general manager of the Wright Wire Co. of Worcester, Mass., one of the very largest plants in the United States engaged in the manufacturing of wire and wire products.

The magnitude of his institution and his personal achievements as an engineer and later as a captain of industry he passed over with becoming modesty, which lent an additional weight to his views upon what he termed a far more interesting subject, "California and San Francisco."

"I arrived a few days ago in Los Angeles via Salt Lake Road, coming from my New England home, with snow on the ground when I left and landing as it seems in 'Fairy Land' I find it difficult to adjust myself to the new surroundings and my difficulty and amazement grew as my viewpoint expanded and my mind began to realize the wonders, the richness and beauty of all I saw.

"When I was informed that but a few years ago all that section of your State was but a desert I knew that man and nature had made a cherished fable of childhood days a beautiful reality. Instead of rubbing the lamp like Aladdin you scratch the soil and lo, wealth was poured into your lap and the artistic sense was highly gratified by the transcending beauty which lie around you.

"Leaving Los Angeles, I thought the necessity for adjectives descriptive of wonder and amazement would have no further use, as I was satisfied that in the south I had seen all that made California famous. A trip up through the San Joaquin Valley revealed to me in every wonderment that the richness and beauty of the South are but mere promises of the actual beauty richness and incalculable possibilities of the central and northern portion of the wonderful State.

"Landing in your city, I was simply enchanted with your magnificent bay, without a doubt the most perfect natural harbor in the world, superb in the facilities it offers; imperial in its situation and of a positive necessity to the commerce of the world.

"Your city is a dynamo of the high-

est potential of human energy the world has ever witnessed. As a spectator with my mind full of your great disaster of a year ago, I was carried to unknown bounds of admiration at the progress in rebuilding your city, as evidenced on every side, and where a year ago my heart like every human heart in the world throbbed with sympathy for you in your misfortune, today pulsed with admiration and I felt a keen sense of exhilaration in living in an age of such sturdy manhood, such unlimited faith in your city, and from your achievements must all men receive an inspiration to round out their career to higher standards of manhood.

"What do I think of the Potrero? Frankly I am much pleased with the district. Your Assistant Manager, Miss Dodd, drove me through the district, pointing out the Islais Creek and explaining the agitation by the Potrero Commercial and Manufacturers' Association for the State to purchase and take over that series of blocks now under water and lying between Islais Creek and India Basin, dredging it out and building docks and warehouses—a grand scheme, which will add inestimable value to what is now one of the great harbors of the world.

"The Western Pacific terminals, also the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, each, with their vast improvements under way, were pointed out and explained would make the district exceedingly valuable for manufacturing and large mercantile houses. Aside that it has a value of its own. It possesses an economic law, recognized by advanced students the world over, and your wise ones are recognizing here that law.

"It is the largest flat area in your city. No other section of the city is so but what in the transporting of merchandise excessive time and energy is necessary. The flat area of the Potrero District obviates that and the saving in that excess time and energy represents a neat profit, which as I have stated is being recognized now, and will, I venture to predict, in five years make of this district, owing to that law, economy in time and energy, plus superb shipping facilities, both water and rail, the center of your manufacturing and mercantile interests.

"Yes, the financial situation is deplorable. From it though I predict you Westerners, or more particularly San Francisco, will have learned a valuable lesson. It has been the custom to send to New York your surplus moneys for the more attractive market there, compelling your people to go to New York to borrow your own money to finance your industries. New York in its greedy selfishness refuses to return your funds to you. Hereafter you are going to keep it here. You will finance your own new and growing enterprises and will make on the Pacific a new and powerful financial center.

"You have a magnificent State. Your city is destined to rule majestically as Queen of the Cities of the Western Continent. Your people are wonderful and the whole world applauds your sacrifice, your grit and your determination in delivering the 'Message to Garcia.'"

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining on hand thirty days preceding Dec. 1, 1907. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

DOMESTIC

Burke, J. H.; Charlton, R.; Campbell, H.; Hoskins, B.; Joachim, J. F.; Kammen, H.; Korn, W.; Lowenbach, J. L.; Maufredi, E.; Martin, H. J.; Muirine, M. E.; Peters, J. S.; Powers, J. F.; Reynolds, C. B.; Schumacher, A.

FOREIGN

Brunello, Pietro; Del Chiaro, Angelo; Clothiers, Wm.; Dorio, Guidi; Grimal, Jean; Garcia, Jorge; Kinderman, Jos.; 2; Maufredi, Emilio; Minazziner, Pacifico; Marhun, Hersen; Muslim, Ydris; Mainine, Guiseppe; Osman, Ali; Hasman, Rosat; Pierone, Michele; Quirdio, Sodine.

FOR RENT.—House of four rooms and bath. Inquire of J. L. Wood or Postoffice. 3t

VISITACION VALLEY NEWS

The San Mateo County authorities have moved back the fences and straightened the San Bruno road between the county line and the seven-mile house in Visitacion Valley. To the casual observer the action is of little significance, but to those who are keen observers and interested in the development of the community, this action means the beginning of a solution of the greatest question that has ever confronted the residents of Visitacion Valley, and has baffled for a long while the San Francisco authorities. The residents of this community are enthusiastic over the plans of Supervisor Eikenkotter of San Mateo County, which will solve the perplexing sewer question for the valley. Mr. Eikenkotter's plan is easy when you know it. The supervisor explained his plans to a member of the Visitacion Valley Improvement Club as follows: "I have long been acquainted with the fact that San Bruno Road, in front of Visitacion Valley, is in an impassable condition. At the same time I readily saw the uselessness of making temporary repairs. The road is four feet below the official grade at this point. It would be impossible to keep the road from washing out. As you well know the Southern Pacific owns the property on the east side of the road where they are building the car shops; therefore, consider the improvement of this road would be of great interest to that company. With this idea in mind, I visited the officials of the Southern Pacific and, to my surprise, found them quite ready for me, well acquainted with every particular in regard to the matter. Their explanation in a nutshell was, that if I could persuade the property owners on the opposite side of the road to move back their fences fifty feet, thereby straightening the road and at the same time giving a straight line to the Southern Pacific property, that they were willing to throw a temporary spur track on the road and dump several of their trains of rock, thereby quickly raising the road to its proper grade. But this is far from being the most important feature of their plan. They explained to me that if this was done, namely the road straightened and raised four feet to the grade, they would then be able to continue their eight-foot sewer up to the San Francisco county line. This, you can readily see, would solve the outlet sewer problem for Visitacion Valley. One thing remained to be done, however, and that was to persuade the property owners on the west side of the road to consent to the moving of the fence and the surrendering of fifty feet of their property. The property owners, however, being men of means, would not miss this small amount. After considerable persuasion they agreed to this arrangement."

Now it is up to the San Francisco Board of Public Works to complete the job by building for the residents of Visitacion Valley an outlet sewer to connect with the sewer of the Southern Pacific Company at the county line. The Visitacion Valley Improvement Club has the matter in hand and will

present it to the proper authorities and will press the issue to a completion.

New Fight Arena.

Visitacion Valley is in a fair way toward being a strong rival of Colma in the fist world if the plans of Al Young and the others back of the Palm Athletic Club go through. Young has already secured for the club a permit from the supervisors of San Mateo County for holding forty-five-round fights, as well as "amateur" contests, and it is only a matter of erecting an arena to seat 10,000 people. The site for the new fight arena, Young states, is on the cut-off line of the Southern Pacific on the San Bruno road, between the six and seven mile houses.

Young, who was the matchmaker of the Hawthorne Club in the days gone by, when the four-rounders were permitted to have their own sweet way, is also interested in a boxing club at Sacramento.

"We have secured a permit from the supervisors to hold forty-five-round fights," said Young, "and as soon as we can build an arena propose to stage a good match. The arena will be within seven minutes' ride of Third and Townsend streets and we hope to have it finished in the near future."

Young also says that pending the professional fights, the club will continue to hold four-round matches at the clubrooms, 4630 San Bruno road, just across the county line. Although Jimmy Coffroth who is Young's opposition in the county, will make no statement, it is known that he was aware of the plans of the new people. When his license was secured for the year it was with the understanding that but one professional club was to operate in San Mateo County, but it is possible that his lack of opposition caused the supervisors to take a favorable step on the application.

Baseball Game.

The baseball game played in the Crocker field, Visitacion Valley, last Sunday, attracted a great deal of attention, it being the initial game played by the newly organized Visitacion Valley Athletic Association vs. The Bay Shore Club.

Although late in November, white dresses and parasols were much in evidence. A large crowd watched the game and cheered the home boys on to victory. It's a shame to print the score.

Masquerade Ball.

All the arrangements are completed for the third annual masquerade ball, given for the benefit of the Visitacion Valley Improvement Club, December 7th at the club's hall, Six-Mile House. The decorated window, containing the prizes, in Mr. Chalmers's Grocery Store, is attracting a great deal of interest.

Refreshments will be furnished by Mrs. Robinson of Leland Avenue. No one will be allowed to dance unmasked before 12 o'clock. The judges will be strangers and absolutely fair and impartial. Union music will be furnished by Mr. Burgess.

Grover Cleveland's Fish Lore.

The unstrenuous, philosophical fishing fraternity does more for humanity than the strenuous people.

Fishing stories are always to be believed.

It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act.

There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial business, of contented labor, and a healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth in this democratic country of ours would be infinitely improved if a larger share of the time which has been devoted to the concoction of trusts and business combination had been spent in fishing.

The biggest fish are always lost. Fishermen necessarily see and do wonderful things. If those not members of the fraternity are unable to assimilate the recital of these wonders, it is because their believing apparatus has not been properly regulated and stimulated.

No man can be a completely good fisherman unless he is generous, sympathetic and honest.—From his book, Fishing and Shooting.

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57 LELAND AVENUE

Home Baking Done. Ice Cream Made

IMPROVEMENT CLUB TO BE ORGANIZED

At the close of the meeting of the Cutoff Celebration Committee held last Tuesday evening an informal talk was had in reference to organizing an improvement club for South City.

On motion, the officers of the Celebration Committee were made the temporary officers of the improvement club.

The chairman, Judge A. McSweeney, was, upon motion, instructed to appoint a temporary committee on organization to prepare a plan of organization, and to report at a meeting to be held next Monday evening at the same place. The committee is as follows: E. E. Cunningham, J. L. Debenedetti, E.

W. Langenbach, Wm. T. Garrett and E. I. Woodman.

The purpose of the club will be to take an active interest in all matters concerning the welfare of South City.

There was some talk in reference to starting a campaign the object of which being to bring about the incorporation of South City into a self-constituted local government.

\$25.00 REWARD

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offers a reward of \$25.00 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anybody injuring or tampering with the water meters of the Company.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. jy20tf

FOR SALE—An up-to-date hotel of 28 rooms with liquor license. Hotel recently remodeled. Armour Hotel.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co. 1f

SELECTED MISCELLANY

Wonderfully Good Sight.

The Duchess of X. once went to Greenwich to see the marvels of the observatory. It was a lovely night, and for the fair duchess benefit the great telescope was duly leveled at the dazzling field of stars.

"What is that star?" she said, pointing to a very bright one.

"Oh, that's Aldebaran, a star of the first magnitude."

"Is it very far off?" asked her grace. "About six or seven light years, your grace."

"What is a light year?"

"Merely an expression which one uses to convey an idea of the distance which light travels in a year. Roughly speaking, light travels at the rate of 180,000 miles in a second, and there are about 31,000,536 seconds in a year. In one year, therefore, light travels above 5,901,840,000 miles. The expression 'light year' includes these figures."

"And is that star all those millions of miles away?"

"Yes, your grace, as nearly as we can calculate."

"Then all I can say," remarked the duchess, "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name at that distance, even with this big telescope. It's really most marvelous."—London Tit-Bits.

Slaughtered the Anthem.

"When I went west first," said a Unitarian minister, "I was in a small town called L., and in the choir of my church the village blacksmith did noble work as baritone. He had a voice that could shake mountains, and whatever it lacked in any other feature it made up in volume. He couldn't read music any more than he could English, but he learned a tune very readily."

"One Sunday we were to be favored with a new anthem because it was a special occasion, and the baritone had one portion all to himself. Unfortunately he had missed many of the practices."

"The anthem went along excellently until it came to a beautiful part which reads, 'And, dying, bids us all aspire.'"

"Here the rest of the singers stopped short in that quick, sudden way that choirs have, and in the ensuing stillness sounded the ponderous tones of the blacksmith:

"'And dying brides are filled with fire.'"—Boston Herald.

To a Higher Table.

John Barrett, chief of the bureau of American republics, after various other experiments in diplomacy, came to Washington from Oregon during President Cleveland's second term to get anything he could. He brought a bunch of Oregon boomers with him, and for a time they stayed at the best hotels. The job was slow in coming, and they went from cheaper place to cheaper place, like Mark Twain's office seeker, until they were forced to eat at one of the lunch places on Pennsylvania avenue. One night while they were at dinner word came that President Cleveland had decided to appoint Barrett minister to Siam. Barrett rose from the table and put on his coat.

"Hold on, John!" cried one of his companions in misfortune. "Where are you going? Aren't you going to finish your dinner?"

"Gentlemen," said Barrett as he stalked out, "this is no place for the minister to Siam to dine."—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Certain About That.

Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various ailments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influenza awful bad. The next thing was the rheumatiz. Since then I've had neuralgia, nervous headache, sore throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other pesky little troubles that I can't remember."

"It would be an interesting list," said her sympathizing neighbor. "Why didn't you take an inventory?"

"I'm not certain but what I did," answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever so many things. I'll try it if you think it'd help me, but unless it's very mild I just know it won't stay on my stum-mick."—Youth's Companion.

Made a Record.

"Yo' said in yo' sermon, Brother Dickey, dat Jonah wuz eat up by de whale?"

"I sho' did."

"Well, den, how comes he live ter tell it?"

That seemed to stagger the old man, but he gathered himself together and replied:

"Dat's easy. You see, Jonah wuz de fust fisherman, an' he had ter make a record!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Way to Succeed.

Here is a bit of advice that will go as far as any that was ever paid for: The only way to succeed is to be successful. Doesn't sound very profound, does it? It isn't. It's about as simple as anything that has ever been printed, and at first sight it may appear idiotic. But there is a lot in it. The man who succeeds is the man who brings to a successful termination every minute undertaking of every day's activity. The successful man's life is made up of a myriad of successes. If you let one little item of your day's work get by you without satisfying yourself that you have done your best on it you are preparing for a failure. A million treatises on how to be successful will not help you.

The trouble with too many of us is that we are so busy trying to see a great success in the future that we can't see the chances for little successes under our noses. Heaven is not reached at a single bound, and neither is success. The only way to succeed is to be successful. It is worth thinking over.—St. Paul News.

The Original Toboggan.

The otter was the original toboggan and his slide the first of its kind deliberately chosen. Whence came his information? I know not. Turn if you can the leaves of nature's wonderful volume back to the opening chapters of animal life for information upon this and countless other curious traits. Maybe the primal otter saw a cube of ice break from its parent glacier and go sliding down a polished path to the sea. He may have then tried the feat himself under the notion that such sliding was rare good fun for otters. Quen sabe? Wherever the otter may have obtained his idea of sliding, he has neither lost it nor improved upon it. He slides as his forbears did for love of sliding, but he does not altogether depend upon snow and ice. During summer earth slides serve well enough, and these will surely be found on the banks of streams frequented by otters.—Outing.

Westminster Abbey Customs.

Burial in Westminster abbey is not of course a question of money, but there are certain fees charged for interment within that ancient pile. Formerly the fees amounted to £150 or £160. Dean Stanley introduced many reforms in the scale of charges, with the result that the maximum cost is now £111 4s. 2d. It may, however, be £20 less. The variations in the cost arise in connection with the contribution demanded for the fabric fund, which is £26 or £36 or £46, according to the place of interment. Other items in the bill are £34 2s. 2d. for fees to the dean, canons, choir and vergers and £31 2s. on account of silk scarfs, hatbands and gloves to the clergy, choir and vergers, which were formerly provided by the undertaker and charged in his account.—Westminster Gazette.

It is a Good Umbrella.

It was a sound, substantial umbrella, with a cheery wood stick. We found it hanging on a peg in the corner of our room in the hotel at Bruges (writes "P."). Such an umbrella could belong to none but an Englishman, and it at once occurred to us that it had been left behind by some former passing visitor. The umbrella was particularly interesting to me because I had foolishly come away from England without one. I eyed that umbrella as a small boy eyes a forbidden orchard. The next morning threatened rain, and I could not resist taking the umbrella tentatively from its peg, unrolling it and displaying its comfortable tent-like proportions. I put it back on the peg with a sigh and nobly went out unprotected. During the stay in Bruges my eyes and thoughts returned to the umbrella with strong fascination, and on the morning of leaving the temptation was still more acute. The angels of light and darkness struggled within me, but the good one triumphed, and we went to the station without the umbrella. We left our luggage in the hotel to be brought to us at the station by the boots. The Brussels train came in, but our luggage was missing. We took our seats, and at the last moment the boots rushed up, compensating for want of English by a large smile, and dragged our bags—and the umbrella. He threw it in to us, and the train departed. It is a good umbrella.—Manchester Guardian.

An English View of Robert E. Lee.

General Robert E. Lee was indeed fully Washington's equal as a hero and a gentleman and much his superior as a soldier. It is only in the larger political or semipolitical sphere that he stands lower and there perhaps only because his opportunities were so much smaller.—London Times Review of Trevelyan's History.

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The Opal Serpent

Continued from Page 2

make Tupounee after you used your roomal on Aaron Norman?"

Kokar gave a guttural cry and gasped. Tupounee is the sacrifice made by the thugs after a successful crime and roomal the handkerchief with which they strangled their victims. All this was information culled from Colonel Meadow Taylor's book by the accomplished detective. "Well," said Hurd, smoking placidly, "what have you to say, Mr. Hoker?"

"I know nozzin'," said the man sullenly, but in deadly fear.

"Yes, you do. Sit still!" said Hurd, with sudden sternness. "If you try to run away I'll have you arrested. Eyes are on you, and you can't take a step without my knowing."

Some of this was Greek to the Indian, owing to his imperfect knowledge of English, but he understood that the law would lay hold of him if he did not obey this sahib and so sat still. "I know not anysing," he repeated, his teeth chattering.

"Yes, you do. You're a thug."

"Zer no thug."

"I agree with you," said Hurd. "You are the last of the Mohicans. I want to know why you offered Aaron Norman to Bhowanee?"

Hoker made a strange sign on his forehead at the mention of the sacred name and muttered something—perhaps a prayer—in his native tongue. Then he looked up. "I know nozzin'."

"Don't repeat that rubbish," said Hurd calmly. "You sold boot laces in the shop in Gwynne street on the day when its master was killed, and he was the husband of the lady who helped you—Mrs. Krill."

"You say dat," said Hoker stolidly.

"Yes, and I can prove it. The boy Tray—and I can lay my hands on him—saw you; also Bart Tawsey, the shopman. You left a handful of sugar, though why you did so instead of eating it I can't understand."

Hoker's face lighted up, and he showed his teeth disdainfully. "Oh, you sahibs know nozzin'!" said he, spreading out his lean hands. "Ze shops—ah, yis. I there, yis, but I use no roomal."

"Not then, but you did later."

Hoker shook his head. "I use no roomal. Zat sahib one eye—bad, ver bad. Bhowanee no have one eye. No Bhungees, no Bhats, no—"

"What are you talking about?" said Hurd angrily. His reading had not told him that no maimed persons could be offered to the goddess of the thugs. Bhungees meant sweepers, and Bhats bards, both of which classes were spared by the stranglers. "You killed that man. Now, who told you to kill him?"

"I know nozzin'. I no kill. Bhowanee no take one eye mans."

For want of an interpreter Hurd found it difficult to carry on the conversation. He rose and determined to postpone further examination till he would get some one who understood the Hindoo tongue. But in the meantime Hoker might run away, and Hurd rather regretted that he had been so precipitate. However, he nodded to the man and went off, pretty sure he would not fly at once.

Then Hurd went to the village police office and told a bucolic constable to keep his eye on Miss Junk's "fureiner," as he learned Hoker was called. The policeman, a smooth faced individual, promised to do so after Hurd produced his credentials, and sauntered toward the Red Pig at some distance from the detective's heels. A timely question about the curry revealed, by the mouth of Miss Junk, that Hoker was still in the kitchen. "But he do seem alarmed like," said Matilda, laying the cloth.

"Let's hope he won't spoil the curry," remarked Hurd. Then, knowing Hoker was safe, he went into the bar to make the acquaintance of his other victim.

Captain Jarvey Jessop quite answered to the description given by Pash. He was large and sailorlike, with red hair mixed with gray and a red beard that scarcely concealed the scar running from temple to mouth. He had drunk enough to make him cheerful and was quite willing to fall into conversation with Hurd, who explained himself unnecessarily. "I'm a commercial gent," said the detective, calling for two rums, plain, "and I like talking."

"Me, too," growled the sailor, grasping his glass. "I'm here on what you'd call a visit, but I go back to my home tomorrow. Then it's ho for Callao," he shouted in a singsong voice.

Hurd knew the fierce old chanty and sized Captain Jarvey up at once. He was of the buccaneer type, and there was little he would not do to make money and have a roaring time. Failing Hoker, with his deadly handkerchief, here was the man who might have killed Aaron Norman. "Drink up," shouted Hurd in his turn, "we'll have some more."

"On no condition, is extradition, Allowed in Callao."

"Gum," said Captain Jessop, "you know the chanty."

Hurd winked. "I've been round about in my time."

Jessop stretched out a huge hand. "Put it there, mate," said he, with a roar like a foghorn, "and drink up along o' me. My treat."

Hurd nodded and became jovial. "On condition you join me at dinner. They make good curries here."

"I've had curry," said Captain Jessop heavily, "in Colombo and Hongkong frequent, but Hoker's curries are the best."

"Ah!" said Hurd in a friendly, curious way. "So you know this shanty?"

Jessop looked at him with contempt. "Know this shanty?" said he, with a



"Bhowanee no take one eye mans."

grin. "Why, in course I do. I've been swinging my hammock here time in and out for the last thirty year."

"You'll be a Christchurch man, then?"

"Not me, mate. I'm Buckinghamshire—Stowley born."

Hurd with difficulty suppressed a start. Stowley was the place where the all important brooch had been pawned by a nautical man, and here was the man in question. "I should have thought you'd lived near the sea," he said cautiously, "say Southampton."

"Oh, I used t'go there for my ship," said the captain, draining his glass, "but I don't go there no more."

"Retired, eh?"

Jessop nodded and looked at his friend—as he considered Hurd since the invitation to dinner—with a blood-red pair of eyes. "Come storm, come calm," he growled, "I've sailed the ocean for forty years. Yes, sir; you bet. I was a slip of a fifteen cabin boy on my first cruise, and then I got on to being skipper. Lord!" Jessop smacked his knee, "the things I've seen!"

"We'll have them tonight after dinner," said Hurd, nodding, "but now, I suppose, you've made your fortune."

"No," said the captain gloomily, "not what you'd call money. I've got a standby, though," and he winked.

"Ah! Married to a rich wife?"

"Not me. I've had enough of marriage, having been the skipper of a mermaid with a tongue. No, sir," he roared out another line of some song floating in his muzzy head, "a saucy bachelor am I," then changed to gruff talk, "and I intends being one all my days. Standby I have—'tain't a wife, but I can draw the money regular and no questions asked." Again he winked and drank another glass.

Hurd reflected that perhaps Jessop had killed Aaron Norman for Mrs. Krill, and she was paying him blood money. But he did not dare to press the question. He therefore proposed an adjournment to the sitting room. Jessop agreed quite unsuspecting, not guessing he was being trapped. The man was so large and uncouth that Hurd felt behind his waist to see that his revolver was loose and could be used should occasion arise.

Miss Junk brought in the dinner with her own fair hands, and explained that Hoker had made the curry, but she didn't think it was as good as usual. "The man's shakin' like a jelly," said Matilda. "I don't know why."

The detective nodded, but did not encourage conversation. He was quite sure that Hoker was being watched by the smooth faced policeman and could not get away. Besides he wished to talk to Captain Jessop. Miss Junk, seeing that she was not needed, retreated after bringing in the curry and left the gentlemen to help themselves.

So here was Hurd in a pleasant room, seated before a well spread table and with a roaring fire at his back, waiting his opportunity to make Captain Jarvey Jessop confess his share in the dual murders of Lady Rachel Sandal and Aaron Norman.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN JESSOP ate as greedily as he drank strong waters and did full justice to the curry, which was really excellent. Hurd did not broach any unpleasant topic immediately, as he wished the man to enjoy his meal. If Jessop was guilty, this dainty dinner would be the last of its kind he would have for many a long day. Moreover, Hurd wished to learn more of the mariner's character and plied him with questions, which the unsuspecting sailor answered amiably enough.

"Me an' you might become mates, as it were," said Jessop, extending his large hand again and again. "Put it there."

"Well, we'd want to know something more about one another to become real mates," laughed Hurd.

"Oh, you're a commercial traveler, as you say, and I'm the captain of as fine a barkey as ever sailed under Capricorn. Leastways I was, afore I gave up deep sea voyages."

"You must miss the ocean, living at Stowley."

"Inland it is," admitted the mariner, pulling out a dirty clay pipe at the conclusion of the meal, "and ocean there ain't round about fur miles. But I've got a shanty there and live respectable."

"You are able to, with the standby," hinted Hurd.

Jessop nodded and crammed black tobacco, very strong and rank, into the bowl of his pipe with a shaking hand. "It ain't much," he admitted, "folks being stingy. But if I wants more," he struck the table hard, "I can get it. D'y'e see, Mister Commercial?"

"Yes, I see," replied Hurd coolly. Jessop was again growing cross, and the detective had to be careful. He knew well enough that next morning, when sober, Jessop would not be so disposed to talk, but being muzzy he opened his heart freely. Still, it was evident that a trifle more liquor would make him quarrelsome, so Hurd proposed coffee, a proposition to which the sailor graciously assented.

"Cawfee," he observed, lighting his pipe and filling the room with evil smelling smoke, "clears the 'ead, not as mine wants clearing, mind you. But cawfee ain't bad, when rum ain't t' be 'ad."

"You'll have more rum later," hinted Hurd.

"Put it there," said Jessop, and again the detective was forced to wince at the strong grip of a horny hand.

Miss Junk appeared in answer to the tinkle of the bell and removed the food. Afterward she brought in coffee, hot and strong and black, and Jessop drank two cups, with the result that he became quieter. Then the two men settled down for a pleasant conversation. At least, Jessop thought so, for he frequently expressed the friendliest sentiments toward his host. Then Matilda appeared with a bottle of rum, a kettle and two glasses. When she departed, Hurd intimated that he would not require her services again that night. This he whispered to her at the door, while Jessop was placing the kettle on the fire, and before returning to his seat he quietly turned the key. So he had the mariner entirely to himself and got to business at once while the kettle boiled.

"You have known this place for years, I believe," said Hurd, taking a chair opposite to that of Jessop. "Did you ever drop across a man who used to live here called Lemuel Krill?"

The other man started. "Whatever makes you ask that?" he inquired in a husky voice.

"Well, you see, as a commercial I trade in books, and had to do with a secondhand bookseller in Gwynne street, Drury lane. It seems that he was murdered," and he eyed Jessop attentively.

The sailor nodded and composed himself with a violent effort. "Yes," said he in his husky voice, "so I heard. But what's he got to do with Lemuel Krill?"

"Oh," said Hurd carelessly, "it is said Aaron Norman was Krill."

"Might ha' bin. I don't know myself," was the gruff reply.

"Ah! Then you did not know Lemuel Krill?"

"Well," admitted the captain reluctantly, "I did. He was the landlord of this here pub and a cuss to drink. Lor', 'ow he could drink and did too. But he run away from his wife as used to keep this shanty, and she never heard no more of him."

"Until she found he was rich and could leave her five thousand a year," said Hurd absently; "so like a woman."

"You seem to know all about it, mister?" said the sailor uneasily.

"Yes, I read the papers. A queer case that of Norman's death. I expect it was only right he should be strangled, seeing he killed Lady Rachel Sandal in the same way."

Jessop, resting his hands on the arms of his chair, pushed it back and stared with a white face. "You know of that?" he gasped.

"Why not? It was public talk in this place over twenty years ago. I understand you have been hereabout for thirty years," went on Hurd carelessly, "possibly you may recollect the case."

Jessop wiped his forehead. "I heard something about it. That there lady committed suicide they say."

"I know what they say, but I want to know what you say."

"I won't be asked questions," shouted the captain angrily.

"Don't raise your voice," said the detective smoothly; "we may as well conduct this conversation pleasantly."

"I don't converse no more," said Jessop in a shaky voice and staggered to his feet, rapidly growing sober under the influence of a deadly fear. Hurd did not move as the man crossed the room, but felt if the key was safe in his pocket. The sailor tried to open the door and then realized that it was locked. He turned on his host with a volley of bad language and found himself facing a leveled revolver.

"Sit down," said Hurd quietly; "go back to your chair."

Jessop, with staring eyes and outspread hands, backed to the wall. "Who are you, anyhow?" he demanded, hardly able to speak.

"Perhaps that will tell you," said Hurd, and threw the warrant on the table. Jessop staggered forward and looked at it. One glance was sufficient to inform him what it was, and he sank back into his chair with a groan, leaving the warrant on the table.

Hurd picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. He thought Jessop might destroy it, but there was no fight in the mariner.

"And now that we understand one another," said Hurd, putting away his weapon, "I want to talk."

"Shan't talk," said Jessop savagely.

"Oh, yes, I think so; otherwise I can make things unpleasant for you."

"You can't arrest me. I've done nothing."

"That may be so, but arrest you I can, and I have done so now. Tomorrow morning you will go to London in charge of a plain clothes policeman, while I go to Stowley."

"To my crib? No, I'm blest if you do."

"I sha'n't go immediately to your crib," rejoined Hurd dryly, "though I may do so later. My first visit will be to that old pawnbroker. I think if I describe you—and you are rather a noticeable man, Captain Jessop—he will recognize the individual who pawned an opal serpent brooch with him shortly after the death of Lady Rachel Sandal, to whom the said brooch belonged."

"It's a lie," said Jessop hoarsely, and sober enough now.

"Quite so, and perhaps it is also a lie that a man resembling yourself tried to get certain jewelry from a lawyer named Pash."

Jessop lost his self control, which he was trying desperately to preserve, and rose to his feet white faced and haggard. "Who are you?" he shouted, "who are you?"

"Doesn't the warrant tell you?" replied his companion, not at all upset.

"My name is Billy Hurd. I am the detective in charge of the Norman murder case. I've been looking for you for a long time, Mr. Jessop."

"I know nothing about it."

"Yes, you do; so sit down and talk away."

"I'll break your head!" cried the captain, swinging his huge fists.

"Try"—Hurd whipped out his revolver, but did not rise—"at the risk of getting a bullet through you. Pshaw, man, don't be a fool! I'm making things as easy for you as possible. Create a disturbance, and I'll hand you over to the police. A night in the village lockup may cool your blood. Sit down, I tell you."

The sailor showed his teeth like those of a snarling dog and made as to strike the seated detective; but suddenly changing his mind, for he saw well enough in what danger he stood, he dropped into his chair and, covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud. Hurd put away his revolver. "That's better," said he pleasantly; "take a tot of rum and tell me all you know."

"I'm innocent," groaned Jessop.

"Every man is innocent until convicted by a jury," said Hurd calmly. "Consider me a jury, and I'll size up your case when I hear all. Are you innocent of both murders?"

"Lady Rachel committed suicide," said Jessop, raising a haggard face. "Yes—I stick to that, sir. As to Krill's death in London, I didn't touch him; I swear I didn't."

"But you saw him on that night?"

"How can you prove that?"

"Very simply. Norman—or Krill if you prefer the old name—took certain jewelry to Pash for safe keeping shortly before his death. You presented to

Pash a paper, undeniably written and signed by the old man, saying that the jewelry was to be given up to bearer. Now, before taking the jewelry to Pash, Krill could not have written that paper, so you must have seen him during the few hours which elapsed between his visit to Pash and his death."

This was clearly argued, and Jessop could not contradict. "I left him quite well and hearty."

"In the cellar in Gwynne street?"

"Yes, in the cellar," admitted Jessop.

"At what time?"

"About half past 8—say between 8 and 9."

"Well, what happened?" asked Hurd, smoking quietly.

The sailor twisted his big hands and groaned. Then he laid his head on the



"Sit down, I tell you."

table and began to sob, talking brokenly and huskily. "I'm done for," he gasped. "I'd know'd it would come—no—I ain't sorry. I've had a nightmare of a time. Oh—since I pawned that brooch—"

"Ah. Then you did pawn the brooch at Stowley?"

Jessop sat up and wiped his eyes. "Yes, I did. But I pulled my cap down over my eyes and buttoned up my pea jacket. I never thought old Tinker would ha' knowed me."

"Wasn't it rather rash of you to pawn the brooch in a place where you were well known?"

"I wasn't well known. I only come at times, and then I went away. Old Tinker hadn't seen me more nor once or twice, and then I pulled down my cap and"—Jessop, badly shaken, was beginning to tell the episode over again when Hurd stopped him.

"See here," said the detective. "You say that you are innocent?"

"I swear that I am," gasped Jessop.

"Well, then, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. My business is not to hang innocent people. Take a glass of rum and tell me all you know, beginning with your first meeting with Krill and running down through the death of Lady Rachel to your last meeting in the Gwynne street cellar."

"And when you know all?"

"Then I'll see what is to be done."

"Will you arrest me?"

"I have arrested you. Don't make conditions with me, man," said Hurd, with a stern face. "The night is growing late, and I want to get to the bottom of this business before we go to bed. Take some rum."

Seeing there was nothing for it but to make a clean breast, Captain Jarvey Jessop wasted no further time in useless lamentation. He could have smashed Hurd easily enough, even though there was the risk of being shot, but the fracas would bring others on the scene, and Jessop knew he could not deal with the police. Therefore he took a stiff peg and became quieter—in fact, when once started on his confession, he appeared to be rather relieved.

"It's been a nightmare," said he, wiping his forehead. "I'm glad it's come to the law, that I am. I met Krill, as he was then, some twenty-five year back by chance, as you may say"—he cast a strange look at the detective, which the latter noted—"yes, by chance, Mr. Hurd. I found he kep' the pub here, and this bein' no distance from Southampton, I took to runnin' down here when the barkey was at anchor. Me an' Krill became great mates, and I'd what you might call free quarters here—yes, sir—it's a frozen fact."

"Very generous of Mr. Krill," remarked Hurd dryly and wondering what the man was keeping back.

"Oh, he was right enough as a mate when not drunk, but the liquor made a howling dorg of him. I've seen many drunk in many places," said Jessop, "but any one who held his liquor wuss

To be continued

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Various Methods of Bringing About the Amalgamation of the Bay Cities With San Francisco Fully Discussed.

The First Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Greater San Francisco Committee Held at Its Headquarters on Wednesday afternoon—Opposition Developing.

At the first meeting of the executive committee of the Greater San Francisco committee in its rooms at the California building last Wednesday afternoon the various methods of bringing about the amalgamation of the bay cities with San Francisco were discussed. The main purpose of the meeting was to enable the members to grow acquainted with the work before them. Much correspondence had accumulated, and one of the most important features of the session was its consideration and disposal.

It was decided that the members of the general committee should be asked to attend the next meeting of the executive committee and make suggestions for a plan of campaign. It was decided to hold regular meetings of the executive committee at least once a week, with special meetings when any emergency should arise to warrant them.

Provision was made for the issuance of two booklets covering the main points involved in the consolidation of the cities. They will probably be ready for circulation during the coming week.

The executive committee consists of Albert H. Elliot, chairman, Alameda county; H. C. Cutting, Contra Costa county; S. B. Cushing, Marin county; William L. Gerstle, San Francisco county; John H. Coleman, San Mateo county.

Opposition to Movement.

The Merchants' Exchange of Oakland has voted not to co-operate in the movement to consolidate all of the bay cities. The Greater San Francisco Association's request that the exchange name a representative on the general executive committee has been tabled. This section was taken as the result of a report from Wilber Walker, secretary of the exchange. Walker said that the Oakland representatives to the recent consolidation meeting in San Francisco were treated discourteously. He declared that neither Edwin Stearns, secretary of the chamber of commerce; N. B. Greensfelder of the Oakland harbor league; F. A. Leach Jr. nor himself, who were the Oakland delegation, was given opportunity to present Oakland's views on the subject.

Walker opposed any consideration of the invitation to representation on the association's committee. The directors virtually killed the subject by referring the invitation to the exchange committee on Greater Oakland, of which A. Jonas is chairman.

Marin Country Against Scheme.

If San Francisco does not hurry up Milpitas will step in and annex Santa Rosa, Petaluma and Sacramento ahead of it.

After the Greater San Francisco annexation takes place Mill Valley will be known as the "north end" of San Francisco.

San Francisco has an indebtedness

of \$3,800,000. It wants to annex some of the suburbs to help pay off the indebtedness. It's a long-headed scheme, even if it is cheeky.

San Francisco citizens voted to bond that city for \$18,000,000, but so far only about \$4,000,000 bonds have been sold. When the other \$14,000,000 are out it will be a good nest egg for the suburbs to set on.—Mill Valley (Marin Co.) Independent.

Greater San Francisco Banquet.

An elaborate banquet was held Thursday night at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, under the auspices of the Greater San Francisco Committee. Representatives from the five bay counties interested were present.

Some of the speakers spoke in favor of the project, but the principal speech of the evening was that made by Colonel John P. Nish of Oakland, who denounced the plan with all the fervor he could throw into his words. He took the stand that the movement of a greater city is a sneer at Oakland, that it is a project of selfishness hatched by San Francisco and that it is a plan to which the people of Oakland will never give their consent; he declared in effect that the suggestion of such consolidation is an open insult to Oakland's dignity, and he threw down the gauntlet of opposition.

South City's Opinion.

The general opinion of South City citizens in reference to a Greater San Francisco, through interviews by a representative of THE ENTERPRISE, seems to be adverse, until it can be conclusively shown that the plan will work to the advantage of this locality. It is a well known fact that there are portions of the present city of San Francisco that fail to get consideration at the hands of its supervisors in the matter of necessary improvements.

REDWOOD CITY NOTES IN BRIEF

Miss Eva Rockwell of East Oakland spent Thursday and Friday of last week with her parents in this city.

Leslie Johnson was up from Santa Cruz, to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Murch, of South City, spent Thanksgiving here with relatives.

Mr. J. Flannely, brother of Mrs. J. Kerr, of this city, died at his home in Palo Alto, on Tuesday last, after a short illness.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Paynter, who have just removed from Sudden to Millbrae, are visiting Mrs. Leonard. Mr. Paynter is in the Southern Pacific employ, and will be station agent at Millbrae.

The Frank Tannery closed down on Thanksgiving day, for the first time since its establishment. The men appreciated the holiday.

Miss Stella Linscott a former teacher in the Ideal High School, is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. P. Fullerton (nee Abbie Thompson) is making an extended tour of the Eastern States, and writes that she is having the time of her life.

The "Kilties" made their appearance at the Alhambra on Wednesday afternoon. As usual their entertainment was firstclass, and a large audience greeted the brawny seots.

Mr. J. Billing, who left here about four years ago to make his home in Wisconsin, has returned to California,

fully convinced that it is the place to live.

Mrs. J. Christ went to Oakland last Tuesday evening to attend a Tahoe reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Leiter. All present had spent their vacations last year at Lake Tahoe, and the after-dinner speeches were all reminiscent.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Will Greeley and Miss Gertrude Jewett, both of Berkeley. This will interest Redwood readers, as Miss Gertrude is a native of the county seat. Her father was pastor of the Congregational church for ten years.

You Could Slip Off the Edge.

There was a time—centuries ago, of course—when the learned men of the world really thought that the world was square—not merely flat, but that it was a cube. The primitive geographers of Egypt, Assyria and China all taught that the world was a "square plane." One of the most curious discoveries ever made in Central America concerning Toltec beliefs, symbols, etc., is that they also had a similar idea concerning the form of what we now speak of as the "globe." A writer on the discoveries made among the monumental ruins of that country says: "They (meaning the Peruvians, Toltecs and Quiches) believed the world to be a cube, suspended from the heavens by cords of gold fastened to each of its corners."

FOR SALE.—Rooming house, complete; choice location; on line of street cars; a money maker. McSweeney & Walsh, 224 Grand Avenue. Nov. 23-1f

FOR SALE.—Milk Route; 192 customers; 56 cows and necessary appurtenances. For particulars inquire of McSweeney & Walsh, 224 Grand Ave. Lease. Nov. 23-1f